

OLD FOLKS'  
NUMBER

JAN 10 1912

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OF THE  
CITY OF DETROIT

# Life



TWO OLD FOLKS



"48" Locomobile Six  
Landaulet

# Locomobile

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The "48" Six Cylinders.  
The "38" Little Six.  
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1912



6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Landaulet .....	\$6,750
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Limousine.....	\$6,750
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Berline Limousine .....	\$7,250
4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Landaulet .....	\$5,500
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Remember this is Life's great trial subscription offer—one dollar for three months—just to get you started.



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## Rhymed Reviews

### Joan of the Tower

(By Warwick Deeping. Cassell & Company.)

While sadly sitting here alone  
Last night, to keep myself from sleeping,  
I read about this person, Joan,  
Described by Mr. Warwick Deeping.

Miss Joan was sought by bad King John.  
The wretch! When evil passions tore  
him  
He sent that brute, Goliath, on  
To steal the little lady for him.

But Pelleas, a fledgling monk,  
Who, making light of clerical censure,  
Had left his peaceful convent bunk  
And stolen off to seek adventure,

Appeared within the castle yard,  
Quite unannounced, a total stranger,  
And bumped Goliath good and hard  
And carried Joan away from danger.

But Lady Joan, the foolish thing,  
Though nicely treated, guessed she'd  
rather  
Go back and see the wicked King  
Because she thought he held her  
father.

She soon perceived the risk she ran  
In trusting to her Royal Master,  
And married that Goliath man  
To save her from a worse disaster.

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Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

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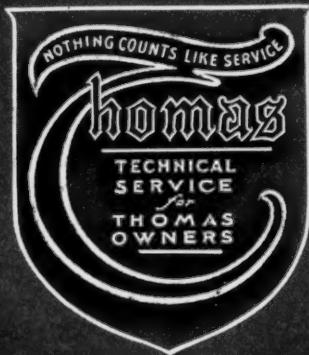
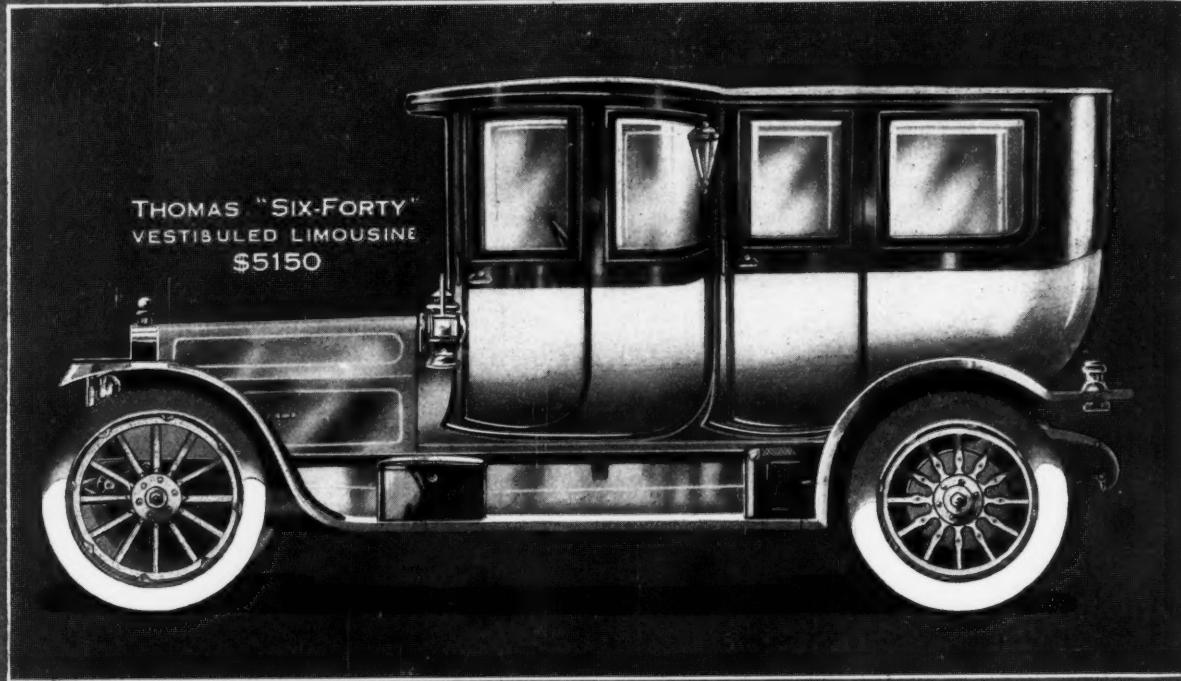
Then Pelleas was mad clear through  
To find that Joan was not unhappy.  
He took a great big sword and slew  
Her lord, Goliath, poor old chappy!

And Joan, despising mortal aid,  
Climbed high upon a wooden tower  
And there she prayed and prayed and  
prayed,  
Oblivious to snow and shower.

Again her hero saved her life;  
And since, by all the rules of fiction,  
Three rescues ought to win a wife,  
The priest pronounced the benediction.

By cock-and-pye! and kindred oaths;  
I quite agree with Mr. Dooley:  
"Whin people wore them funny clothes  
'Most anything cud happen, truly!"

Arthur Guiterman.



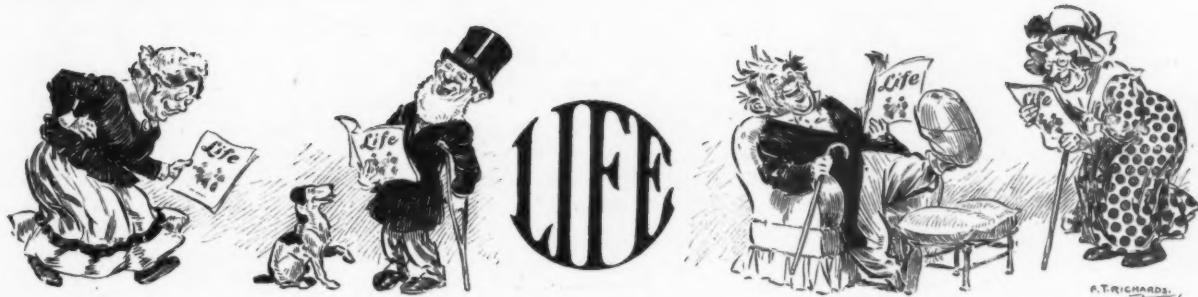
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**E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. G. BUFFALO**



### Fatal Influence

CATTERSON: Notice how Carstairs's wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her.

HATTERSON: Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.

### A Stern Chase is a Long One

"PAPA, what is the difference between the Democratic and Republican Party?"

"Well, my son, they are much the same, but the Republican Party has about eighteen billions start."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THE ex-President was in fine form throughout the holiday week, and contributed systematically to public gayety. A difference that developed between him and the headline editor of the *Evening Post* was discussed with characteristic energy and emphasis on his part, and with characteristic decorum on the part of the *Post*. "Colonel Says It's False," cried the headline editor, "Contradicts Sheldon in the Harriman Matter." But neither the Colonel nor Mr. Sheldon would admit the contradiction.

The Colonel's disconnection from the peace dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria was a subject of headlines and extensive remarks in the papers and increased the literary discharge of the week. The Colonel is opposed to the proposed arbitration treaties unless they are amended so as not to include matters which are unsuitable to arbitration. He wants us to continue to have a say as to what we shall arbitrate and what not, and we *will* have a say about it, he thinks, whether the treaties provide otherwise or not. President Taft does not object to some amendment of the treaties to make them suit the Colonel, but he thinks they are all right as they are. The Colonel and the President seem to agree as to what we ought not to arbitrate. The main difference between them seems to be that the President understands the word "justiciable" to mean something, and the Colonel doesn't. The treaties provide that we shall arbitrate "justiciable" questions, and that our commissioners, whom the President is quite willing to have the Senate appoint, shall determine for us what questions are "justiciable."

Somehow, that does not satisfy the Colonel, who has that attitude of suspicion towards "justiciable" which it is the nature of man to feel toward a stranger.

No doubt, also, the President keeps thinking of armament, and how to help all the nations to reduce the burden of it, whereas the Colonel keeps thinking what a bad fix we should be in if we did get into trouble with some husky nation and didn't have the necessary weapons to prove that our cause was just. Also, it is conceivable that the Colonel is constitutionally opposed to the multiplication of justiciable incidents, whereas Mr. Taft is constitutionally favorable to them as befits a man whose natural employment is to be a judge and make his living deciding between disputants. These differences that the Colonel has with the *Evening Post*—would he regard them, or wish them to be regarded, as justiciable? By no means. He would rather take a stick to them himself. It is not in the Colonel's nature to like to sit helpless in the hands of a court. He thinks of courts from the point of view of a prospective litigant, but Mr. Taft thinks of them from the point of view of a prospective judge. And no doubt that's why the Colonel is timid and scrupulous and the President bold in the face of the arbitration treaties.



THE wave movements of political inclinations in these preliminary months of a Presidential year are interesting. Lately some of the newspaper seismographs have recorded an oscillation back to Taft. No doubt that is a consequence of continued inspection of all the other candidates on both sides, and calculation about the extent of their areas of uncertainty. At least we know Mr. Taft. It is as though he was our gardener, whose methods of cultivation we did not always approve, but who still turned in fair supplies of produce, and of whom at least we felt sure that he would not flirt with the hired girls.

And that is a mighty important assurance. Look about! There are the labor unions, the Socialists, the trusts,

Wall Street, the Prohibitionists, the Jews, the embattled pensioners, the high tariff men, the free traders and all the other enthusiasts, and all the other interests. They are the hired girls with whom our gardener must live on terms of tranquillity if he is to have comfort in life, but we don't want him to flirt too hard with any of them. We suspect that most of them are quite ready to be crazy about the Colonel; we see Mr. La Follette touring the Middle West and getting the red haired girl all excited by his spirited advocacy of the laws of Wisconsin and the recall of judges, we see Governor Wilson retricking his attractive beams and all the handmaids casting expectant glances his way, and then we look back at our present gardener discussing whether there are unnecessary barbs in our wire fence, and getting out with some reluctance a cautious shears to trim our tariff hedge. And we say—"After all"!—and subside into ruminations.

Report says that some of the Presidential seismographs have recorded vibrations against Governor Wilson because of his application for a pension from the Carnegie Superannuated Educators' Fund. If there really have been such vibrations it is odd. The *Sun* printed the facts about the doctor's application as though it was great news, but for our part we were very little impressed with it, except to regret that Dr. Wilson's application had not been successful. A man with a family, who passes from a settled employment in which he has worked all his working life, into politics and the service of the people, has need to have some anchor to the windward, and is to be commended for trying to find one. With a pension from the Carnegie fund Dr. Wilson would have been not less free, but more free, than he is without it, though he is likely to be free enough in any case.

Judging by the vote in the House on the latest war pension bill, pensions are popular, and yet there are these rumors of displeasure because Dr. Wilson applied for one, which he thought was due him. The probability is that the displeasure is confined to those persons who were already displeased with Governor Wilson, and desirous to be more so.



A.B. WALKER

## OLD FOLKS

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

## Poking Up the Judges

THE recall is not the only way to intimate to a judge that his deportment is not satisfactory. At Auburn, N. Y., the Cayuga County Bar Association passed a resolution on December 5, calling upon the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives to investigate the personal, political and judicial acts of United States District Judge Ray. The Auburn bar doesn't like Judge Ray's manners and is going to try to better them. The proceeding looks salutary. It is responsible, orderly, and directed apparently to the accomplishment of a good end.

Our neighbor, *Collier's Weekly*, has been printing pictures of judges who have reversed verdicts on absurd technicalities. This also looks salutary. When the case is described and the judge's opinion and the reason for it are given, the public is helped to consider whether justice has been promoted.

The administration of justice in this country is far from being what it should be. The administration of

criminal justice is lamentably lax. New trials are granted sometimes for absurd reasons, as the omission of a letter in a word in the indictment, or contraction of the name of a State. The fault is not so much with the judges as with the system. To better that, many good minds are working; the President is solicitous about it, and able judges and lawyers protest against existing defects and urge legislation and reforms that will obviate them. There are sound objections to the recall of judges, but the disposition towards the recall springs not from impatience with just rulings, but from weariness and disgust because of failures of justice.

SECRETARY HITCHCOCK, in his report, asks Congress for \$50,000 to experiment with a parcels post and \$50,000 to experiment with carrying mail by aeroplane. These two requests are nicely balanced, revealing to a cent Mr. Hitchcock's comparative mystification over a parcels post which is in use in all parts of Europe and over an aeroplane mail which is not in use at all.

CLARA (*blushing*): I just heard again from Jack.

MAUD: He writes a splendid love letter, doesn't he?



HAPPY DAZE

## "Life's Problem"

**F**ORTY years old and unmarried,  
Lonely and weary of life,  
The plans of a lifetime miscarried,  
I determined to get me a wife.

But first, being world-wise and wary,  
I thought that I'd find out the cost.  
Would a paltry three thousand keep Mary?  
Or should we be stranded and lost?

I'd ask John—he'd married a beauty;  
And Tom—he was tied to a queen;  
And Bob—who had felt it his duty  
To wed a sweet chit of sixteen.

John sighed as he answered my question:—  
"Stocks down, business awful, but still  
The sale of my gold mine in Preston,  
Thank God, paid the milliner's bill."

Tom's face was deep-lined, worn by sorrow;  
His clothes, out of date and threadbare.  
"The Missus? She's sailing to-morrow."  
He'd mortgaged the home for her fare.

Bob, debonair, happy, light-hearted,  
Replied with an ominous frown:—  
"With my very last cent I've just parted,  
To pay for my wife's Paris gown."

Ah, me! There's the rain on the shingle,  
And my rooms seem deserted and drear,  
Still, I'd rather be lonely and single,  
Than starve on three thousand a year.

*W. W. Quinton.*

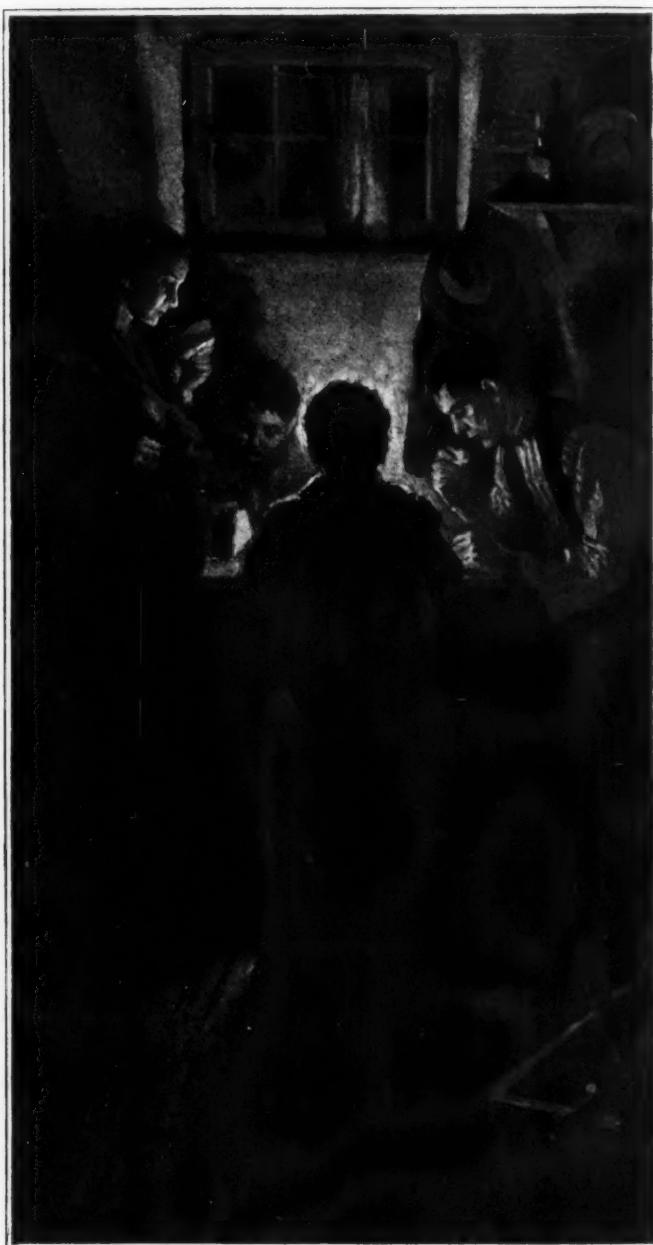
## To Our Readers

**O**CCASIONALLY we deem it expedient to emphasize the fact that LIFE actually goes to press about ten days in advance of its appearance on the news-stands, and that before it goes to press the material which enters into it has to be set up, so that any communications received at this office and published in this paper do not, as a rule, appear earlier than three weeks after their receipt. This is due to the large editions which LIFE is printing, and also to the fact that in making ready for the press, a much longer time is required where so many illustrations are used than would be necessary with type.

Our friends, therefore, should bear in mind that our comments on current affairs are subject to this delay. We have never regarded this as being a handicap. LIFE is not a newspaper, inasmuch as our principal field is to display our ignorance of current affairs.

**D**IRECTIONS to Miss COLUMBIA: Put the *Outlook* under your pillow and you will dream of the one you are going to marry.

"TO THE VICTORS





BELONG THE SPOILS"

## Does He Sleep Enough?

Edison likes benevolent despots and co-operation.—Headline in a newspaper.

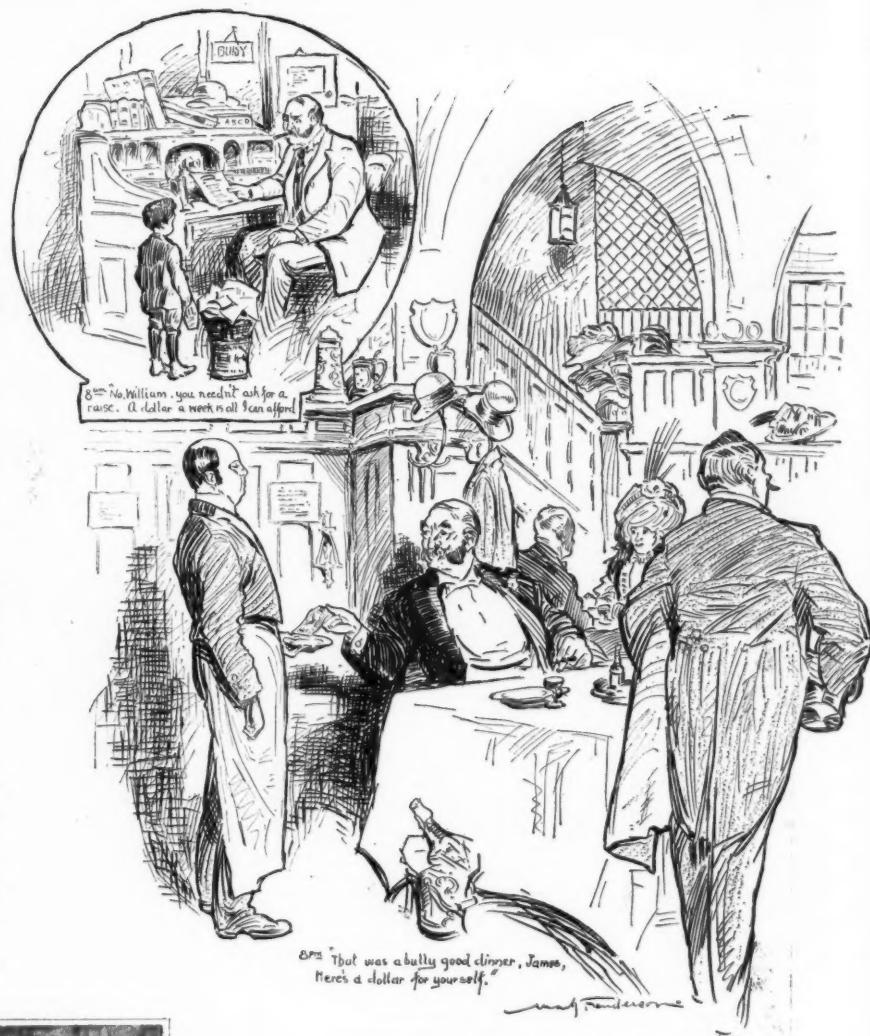
**M**ISTER EDISON is often quoted as saying that four hours a night is enough to sleep, and that that is all he ever takes. There is no doubt about his value as an electrical expert, but when it comes to great-man deliverances on racial, political, economic and educational subjects, the impression often results that perhaps Mr. Edison's mind would work more to edification on these generalities if he allowed himself eight hours sleep.

Hasty snatches of inexpert opinion on deep subjects are apt to be not very valuable.

## Poor, Poor Creatures!

"I'M glad I wasn't born a wild creature," quoth Boobler as he stood looking at the display in a furrier's window. "Everywhere they go there is some one lurking, eager to snare them for their fur. Poor, poor creatures!"

Then he hurried on to the collector's office, where he paid five times more tax, pro rata, than his more prominent fellow-citizens; to the express company, where he paid three times what was right for the transportation of a package; to the grocer's, where he paid eight cents a pound for five-cent sugar; to the butcher's, where



WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN SO OFTEN?



THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

he shelled out twenty-five cents for meat for which the farmer received six cents on the hoof; to the clothier's, where he paid an all-wool price for a one-fourth cotton suit; to a real estate office, where he made his monthly payment on a lot in a speculative-boom-made addition to the city; and finally paid a ten-cent fare to ride home on a five-cent-fare-universal-transfer-before-consolidation car line.

"Poor little wild creatures," grieved Boobler to his wife that evening, ament the wild animals, whose fate had made a deep impression on him indeed. "Everywhere they go there is some one lurking for them," etc., etc.

*Louis Schneider.*

**A** FAMILY affair—the departure of the cook.

## Apollos to the Front

*Life's Fashion Reform League Enters New Field, and Will Hereafter Control Men's Fashions in This Country—Represented by President Taft*

RECENTLY great pressure has been brought to bear upon us to open up a men's department. Inasmuch as we never undertake to do anything unless we are quite certain to carry it through, we put our experts on this problem, and their report has been so favorable that we have already established headquarters at Washington and intend to revolutionize men's fashions throughout the country.

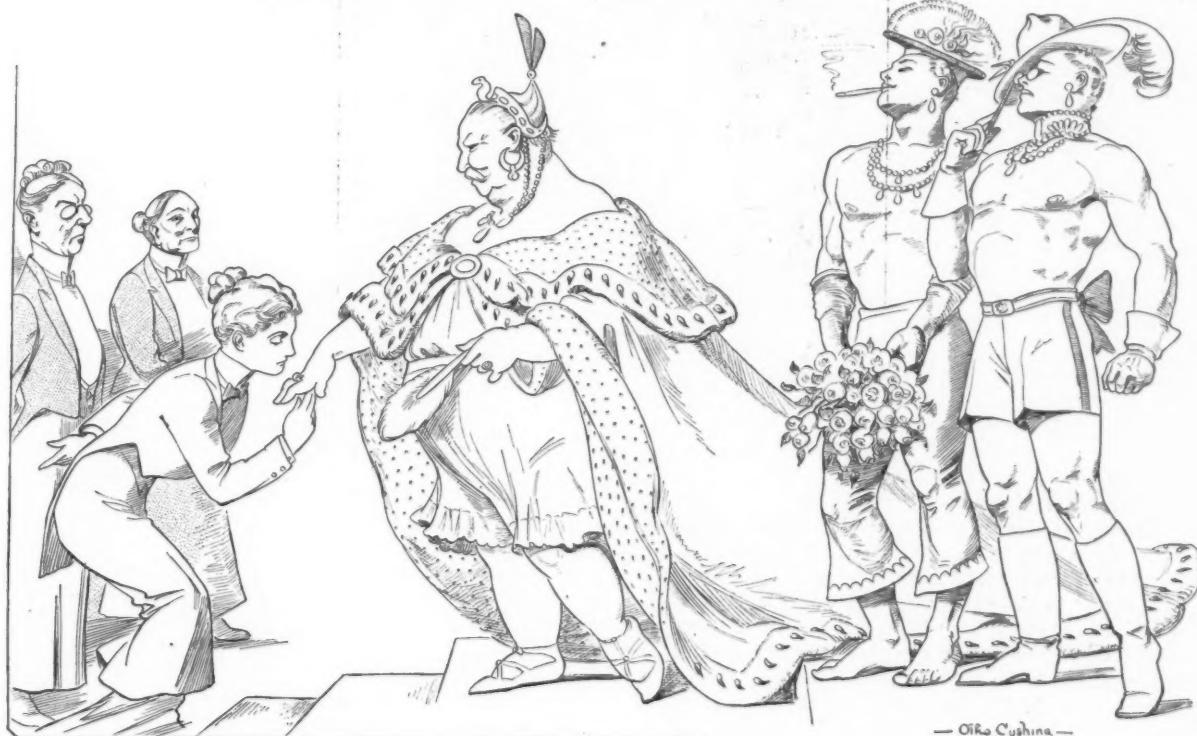
In order to explain our position, we have decided that our method shall not be anything new or startling. In a monarchy the king usually determines the fashions, and, inasmuch as we—while not being a monarchy—are near enough to it for all practical purposes, it has been thought best to begin at the fountain head of all wisdom and sagacity and conscience—namely, President Taft.

By making a contract with the President and his cabinet to become our regular customers, and, in fact, place themselves under the complete charge of our artists, we felt that a great deal of time could be saved in bringing the rest of the country into line.

This we have done; and while the physical proportions of some of the members of the cabinet—including Mr. Taft himself—are not quite what we would desire, we believe that we have accomplished a great thing for the future of this country. By expressing in terms of art how men should really dress, it is our intention subtly and unconsciously to raise the standard of morals and culture everywhere. No young man, for example, who wears one of our latest models in suitings, and becomes used to its atmosphere, could ever read the *Evening Journal* regularly.

We are obliged to confess that we had some slight difficulty in getting Mr. Taft to consent to placing himself under our tutelage.

"I want to be very pleasant about it," he said. "I would not offend you for anything, and before going into this matter I want to consult Mr. Hitchcock of the Post-Office Department; Mr. Aldrich, who is connected with the Treasury Department; Mr. Joe Cannon, who, although retired, is known to be an artist in dress, and Mr. Champ



OUR LATEST OFFICIAL REGALIA

THE NEWEST PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION JUMPERS, TOGETHER WITH CORRECT décolleté PANTALETS FOR NAVAL AND MILITARY aides

Clark, who seems to represent a large and growing Democratic vote."

Mr. Taft was some days in consulting all these people, besides numerous others; but could come to no definite conclusion.

"This is a matter of conscience and of duty to my country," he said. "My policy is never to use my own judgment, or go ahead and do anything unless the best advice is first taken."

We then brought pressure to bear through our numerous employees who are scattered all over the country, and without going into any disagreeable details, it is sufficient to state that we succeeded finally in securing Mr. Taft and his cabinet as the leaders in the new American sartorial high art régime.

This announcement, coming as it does, at a time when both political parties are being arrayed against each other, will, of course, be greeted with great doubt by a number of patriotic citizens. We believe, however, that a careful examination of the new costumes devised for the President and his cabinet—which we present herewith—will place everybody in this country fully at ease.

In the meantime, what we are going to do for the young men of America is something that we mention with a feeling of intense pride.

Up to the present time broad shoulders have existed here and there—in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's Weekly* and other well-known repositories of manly virtue—but these faint and abortive attempts to regenerate the human race are as nothing to what we intend to do.

We expect to place man where he belongs. Among our late designs for young men between twenty and thirty are included our Palm Beach morning strollers' sack suits. These suits are to be worn between ten and eleven. For afternoon wear in Southern climates we have devised an entirely new costume.

It will be seen that the main art conception upon which we have built our hopes consists in producing broad shoulders and thin legs. We supply young men with a complete

outfit for every practical emergency for from two thousand dollars up; or, in case he is satisfied with using American goods, the price will be one hundred dollars—the difference representing tariff charges.

In order to introduce our fashions throughout the country, we have decided to send President Taft and his entire cabinet on a tour at our own expense. He will leave Washington, and will go South, skirting the border line of Mexico, will move along the Pacific Coast as far north as Seattle and Portland, and will then make his way through the country. He will speak only to delegations of tailors

in each locality. But, aside from talking about four hours a day, he will spend his time in showing his different costumes to the people along the line of march, in order that they may get an actual picture of how the leading citizen of this country ought to dress.

It is needless to say that this is a great step forward. By taking the people's attention away from the tariff and other unimportant political details, and by fastening it upon the President's appearance and costumes, we expect to do a great work for our country.

The President will travel in our own private car, accompanied by a corps of trained tailors and fitters, who will employ their time in making new costumes for him to try on every day. We are free to confess that the President's figure has sometimes given us trouble. Out of all the new ideas which we are constantly trying out, how-

ever, we expect to originate a few that will make us leaders in the world's thought.

In the meantime, applications will be received from all young men who desire to place themselves in our care.

*Life's Fashion Reform League.*

### An Indictment

"I SEE Burster has failed again. What's the matter with his business, anyway?"

"His business is all right, but it is the way it's run; why, it couldn't be managed any worse if it was the Government of the United States."



TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE



A SMALL COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES



### Joys of the Orient and Occident



WHAT'S the use of having an imagination in these days when the stage brings into material expression the beauties and impressive things of all places and all times? No work is fuller of hyperbole and exaggeration than "The Arabian Nights" in the complete editions, but the scenes reproduced from the Oriental tales

in "Kismet" make useless the descriptions in the text and the imagination of the reader. There they are in all their gorgeousness of form and coloring realized to the view of even the most matter-of-fact spectator.

The streets of Bagdad were probably never so brilliant as they are here pictured, nor the most beautiful of Oriental interiors even seen under the perfect conditions of lighting and atmospheric influence given to them by modern stage effects. So in "Kismet" we have the glories of the Orient plus the fancy of the story-teller and plus the advantage of recent invention all combined and all only a step from the clatter of Broadway, open to the inspection of any citizen who can command the price of admission.



IN spite of the blatant claims of Klaw and Erlanger in the advertisements, the credit for what we see and enjoy in this delightful spectacle is due to Sir Richard Burton's wonderful translation of the tales, Mr. Edward Knoblauch's ability in bringing the episodes into theatrical compass and stringing them into an effective drama, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske's executive ability in arranging for the stage production and, by no means least, Mr. Otis Skinner's artistic embodiment of *Hajj*, the beggar, who is the human centre of the entire accomplishment. Of course there are many others in other capacities who have helped in the big theatrical result, primary among whom are the English producers who had the ability to see the possibilities in Mr. Knoblauch's play which were not patent to American managers with their uneducated vision.

Even a cursory description of the beauties of "Kismet" would take more space than can be here afforded. Suffice it to say that it is a novel and brilliant spectacle of Oriental life and splendor, that it has an interesting story told in unusual and impressive language and that it is excellently acted by a well chosen cast of speaking artists and a large number of picturesque supernumeraries.

"Kismet" is both educational and enjoyable. No theatrical production of our times carries us so far away from our own environment.



TWO plays founded on woman's inability to know her own mind came into New York on New Year's day. One treated the topic in comedy form under the title of "Just to Get Married," with Grace George as the star. The other was a serious drama made from the late David Graham Phillips's novel, "The Grain of Dust," with Mr. James K. Hackett heading the bill.

In the comedy the heroine had reached the years when it was not a question of choosing a husband but of getting one. The proper man came along, was duly accepted, the settlements made and the eve of the wedding at hand. Then the woman's mind began to get in its deadly work. She concluded she wouldn't and all the wedding arrangements went up in the air. Having made every one, herself included, very uncomfortable, her mind put on the reverse clutch and she married him after all. Of course there is more to the play than this, but for a very short comedy there is so much talk to the square inch of its diminutive theme that it could not be redeemed as entertainment even by Grace George's very excellent abilities as a comedienne, and the exhibition of Mr. Lyn Harding. Mr. Harding is one of the largest leading men recently imported from London. As the piece gives him no lines to speak and nothing to do, knowledge of his ability as an actor is confined to his size.

"Just to Get Married" stings itself to death with its own talk.



IN Mr. Shipman's dramatization of Mr. Phillips's book, the woman in the case marries the hero with full knowledge on both their parts that she does not love him. To marry her he has to sidetrack an engagement with the daughter of a money baron who will be recognized under a thin disguise as personifying Mr. J. P—rp—nt M—rg—n. To get even, the baron proceeds to ruin the bridegroom by getting his law practice away from him. Then that woman's mind of hers gets busy and she decides that she can no longer live with a husband she does not love. She takes in typewriting for a



RALPH BRIGGS FULLER

AUTO SUGGESTION

year and then fusses with her reverse clutch to the extent of finding that she does love him after all, which brings her back to home and papa and a happy ending.

But "The Grain of Dust" is more of a man play and Mr. Hackett as *Frederick Norman* dominates most of the scenes, both by his size and by virtue of the fact that the character is one of those masterful persons that Phillips loved to write about. He wrests away the power of the money baron in true muck-raking fashion despite the appeal of the "interests" to hold his hand. Then at the intercession of his reversed bride he loosens his grip and business is allowed to go on.

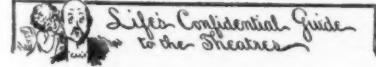
There are a lot of places in this play where one wonders why, but despite its lack of cogency the piece holds the attention and makes fairly good entertainment. Mr. Hackett keeps his heroic qualities under pretty good control and the cast is a good one, Mr. E. M. Holland being especially delightful as a man-of-the-world lawyer who is everybody's friend. Izetta Jewell has acquired some remarkable tricks in her elocution, which although possessing the merit of clearness, do not add to her charms. Olive Harper Thorne is a handsome and distinguished young New York matron, and Messrs. Frazer Coulter and Frank Burbeck are excellent examples of the money baron and corporation lawyer.

"The Grain of Dust" is amusing and in the spirit of the time.



"THE Wedding Trip" at the Broadway has all the usual accessions of the musical show and in addition has a very tuneful and musically score. Mr. De Koven's technical ability is all there and he has his memory under better control than usual. The piece has a story, but the book is not brilliant. The company has been chosen with considerably more than the usual regard to singing voices both among the principals and chorus. With some of the text cut out "The Wedding Trip" would be a thoroughly enjoyable comic opera.

Metcalfe.



*Astor*—"The Red Widow." Diverting musical show with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the comedian.

*Belasco*—"The Return of Peter Grimm." The disembodied spirit of the hero depicted by Mr. David Warfield in interesting and well staged drama.



IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHOSE OX IS GORED

*Bijou*—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Stranger." A not very strong play, but competently acted by well chosen company.

*Broadway*—"The Wedding Trip." See above.

*Casino*—Closed for rehearsals of "Summerum."

*Century*—"The Garden of Allah." Spectacular dramatization of Mr. Hichens's novel of life in the Sahara and its vicinity.

*Cohan's*—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show of the Cohan kind and about the usual cleverness and toughness.

*Comedy*—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Original, well acted and extremely laughable Scotch comedy.

*Criterion*—Mr. James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust." See above.

*Daly's*—"The Bird of Paradise," by Mr. R. W. Tully. Notice later.

*Empire*—Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defence." Not brilliant drama with a murder mystery as its main motive.

*Fulton*—Mr. William Collier in "Take My Advice." The comedian star's humorous abilities carrying a very frothy comedy.

*Gaiety*—"The First Lady in the Land," with charming Elsie Ferguson as the star. Clever and well staged American historical play.

*Garrick*—"The Senator Keeps House." Play of Washington life, with Mr. William H. Crane as the star. Rather amusing.

*Globe*—Mr. Eddie Foy in "Over the River." Notice later.

*Harris*—"The Talker," by Marion Fairfax. Notice later.

*Herald Square*—"The Million." Elementary, but very funny French farce.

*Hippodrome*—Big stage pictures of foreign scenes with ballet and water spectacle.

*Hudson*—Mme. Simone in "The Return from Jerusalem." Notice later.

*Knickerbocker*—"Kismet." See above.

*Lyceum*—"The Marionettes." Nazimova in a not very impressive or amusing comedy treatment of the domestic triangle.

*Lyric*—"Little Boy Blue." Very agreeable and well staged musical show.

*Maxine Elliott's*—Grace George in "Just to Get Married." See above.

*Park*—"The Quaker Girl." London musical show, dainty, tuneful and well staged.

*Playhouse*—"Bought and Paid For." Highly interesting and well staged drama of our own time and place.

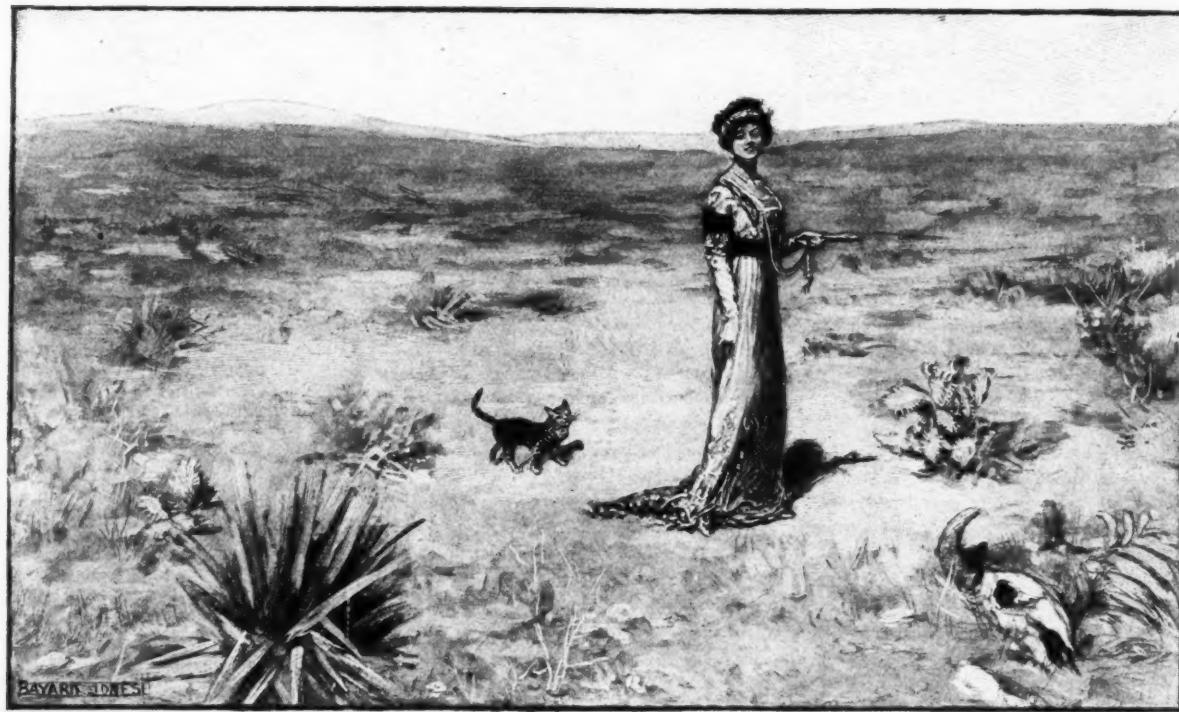
*Republic*—"The Woman." Very well acted and thoroughly absorbing drama, with corrupt Washington politicians for its principal characters.

*Thirty-ninth Street*—Mr. Lewis Waller's production of "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

*Wallack's*—"Disraeli." Mr. George Arliss's artistic counterfeiting of the British premier in charming little play.

*Weber's*—German light opera company in repertory. See above.

*Winter Garden*—Pantomime, vaudeville and extravaganza, with Annette Kellermann and Gaby Deslys. A big show and a diverting one.



*This picture has no title.*



## *For the Best Title to This Picture, Life Will Give One Hundred Dollars*

### *Conditions of the Contest*

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words. The paper upon which the title is sent should contain nothing but the title, with the name and address of the author in the upper left hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,  
17 West 31st St.,  
New York, N. Y.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, January 20. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from January 20 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of February 1.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

"Teaching People Their Places"

THAT is a pleasant story that the Springfield *Republican* has gathered from the foreign news about the American lady in London and the conductor of the orchestra that she wanted to engage for a dance. It was Casano's orchestra, and she had heard that at a ball where his orchestra had played, Casano had asked a girl to dance. So she wrote to the agent of the orchestra and warned him that "Mrs. Drummond will not tolerate behavior of this kind at her ball, and she would be glad if you would inform Casano accordingly."

Strange to say, Casano was displeased with the letter. The story, as it happened, was not true. A guest at a dance, for a joke, had impersonated him. Casano denied Mrs. Drummond's accusation and demanded an apology. None was given him, so he brought suit for damages and got them, five pounds and costs, the damages being light because the lady had been misled.

The story is particularly amusing to the *Republican*, because, it says:

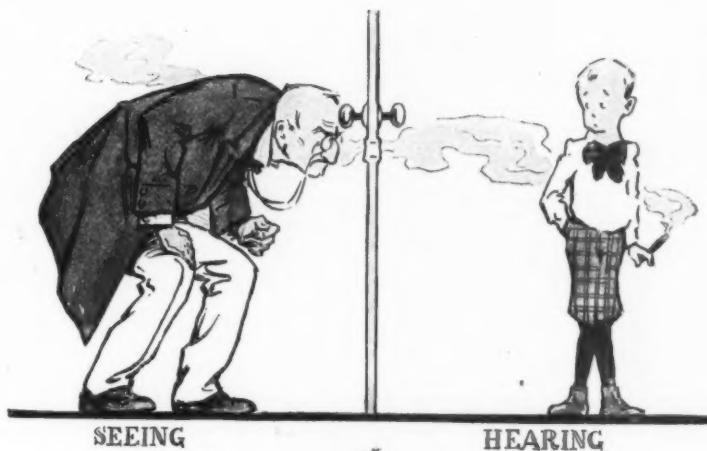
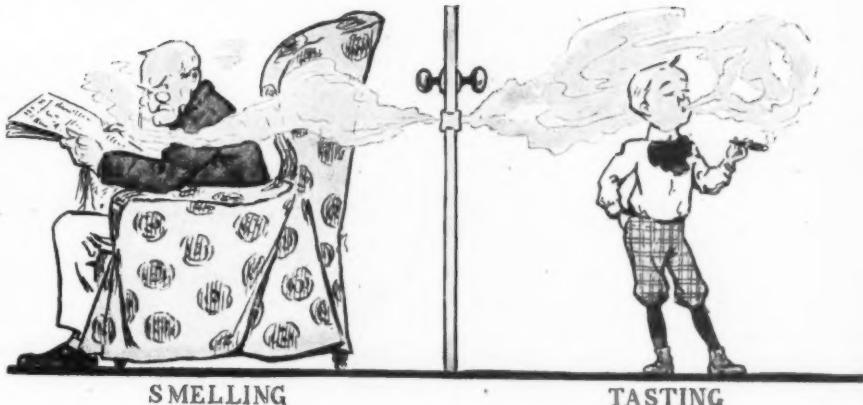
Mrs. Maldwin Drummond used to be Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., and Marshall Field, Sr., "Marsh," or "Mart" for short, is not forgotten in Conway, where he milked the cows and hoed the potatoes and attended the district school what time the farm did not claim his services; nor yet in Pittsfield, where at 17 he began "clerking" in a dry goods store.

Some things are very well done in the English courts.



"MY YOUNG FRIEND, DO YOU EVER STOP TO THINK OF —?"

"NO; I CAN THINK WITHOUT STOPPIN'."

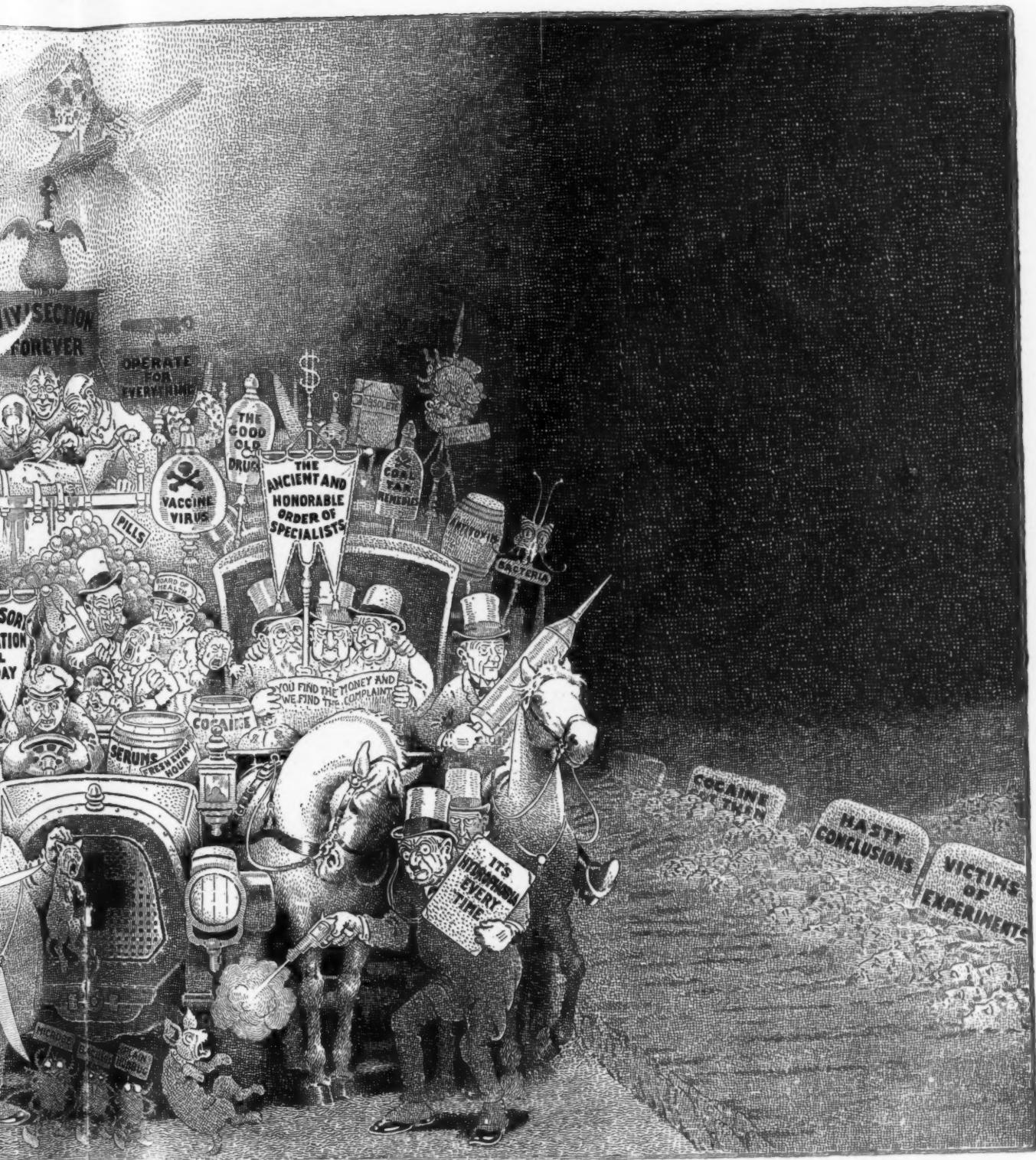


FEELING

THE FIVE SENSES



LIFE.



Conquering Heroes

## · LIFE ·

## Made in Germany

WE are either a singularly modest lot, we humans, or else we are pitifully lacking in self-confidence. If you ask a Chinaman to pass judgment upon a work of art or a piece of literature he invokes the spirit of his great-grandfather by ten removes. If a Westerner wants to crown a supposed masterpiece with the highest praise, he declares, in nine cases out of ten, that undoubtedly his great-grandchildren will rave over it. Only too seldom in either hemisphere does one hear the stress of critical evaluation boldly laid on the only thing that really counts—the dynamic reaction, intellectual, esthetic or emotional, that we of our own generation can get from the work before us. Yet art is a personal adventure or it is nothing. To us, individually, that book is alone a great book which, whenever it may have been written, rouses us from our accustomed lethargy to the glimpsing of unaccustomed outlooks. And the book that can, if but for a day or a week or a month, validly and vividly change the face of life for thousands of living men and women, is a great book, although it might have left their fathers unmoved and may find their children unresponsive.

In this sense, if in no other, and no other concerns us here, a very wonderful book has come out of Germany. It is called "The Fool in Christ" (Huebsch, \$1.50). It is by that alleged arch enemy of optimism and pathologically minded exploiter of human misery, Gerhart Hauptmann. It outwardly professes to give us, from the sympathetically sophisticated viewpoint of our own informed modernity, the story of a present-day German peasant's religious monomania and propagandist career. Yet in reality it places before us, in the simple terms of a thoroughly individualized contemporary life—a life the fundamental naturalness of which is as inescapable as are its inherent analogies—a gloriously emotive restatement of the lost meaning of that Christian mystery, the mystic mingling of the human and the divine.

To many readers the fact that this book, in which the spirit of the living Christ emerges anew from the dogmas of Christian theology, should have come out of Germany—

the land of supposedly de-spiritualized intellect, destructive criticism and materialistic philosophy—will seem wonderful. But next to the revelation of the book itself, the most significant thing that its appearance reveals to us is the fact that, since it is only through death by chemical action that a seed germinates, it could not have come from anywhere else.

If one could somehow make visible the lines of influence that radiate from a great book, as one can make visible the lines of force that radiate from a magnet by dusting steel filings upon the magnetic field, there are few fictions of recent years that one would sooner try the experiment upon than on this pathetic yet beautiful story of Emanuel Quint, Silesian peasant.

THE announcement of a new book by Hauptmann's great rival and running mate, Hermann Sudermann, his first since *Das Hohe Lied* ("The Song of Songs"), will probably cause nearly equal numbers of this author's American readers to shrug impatient shoulders in an effort to rid themselves of an uncomfortable memory, and to press mentally forward in serious and silent readiness to watch another unveiling of the hidden chambers of the heart. For however divergent may be the views one hears expressed as to that story of a soul's descent into hell, one never meets any one whom a reading of it has left indifferent.

"The Indian Lily" (Huebsch, \$1.25), however, is not a new novel, but a volume of short stories. And it is an odd fact that in spite of much critical talk about the short story being the quintessential product of modern fiction,

the discovery that "The Indian Lily" is "only short stories" will inevitably relieve the minds of the shoulder-shruggers and diminish the anticipations of the expectant. Nevertheless a reading of the book will go far toward restoring the prejudicial *status quo*. For these kindly and kindling yet ruthless settings forth of the mingled motives that hide behind our universal masquerade of self-deception lend themselves as little to an unmoved and indifferent reading as did *Das Hohe Lied*.

J. B. Kerfoot.



## CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

*The Bargain Book*, by Charles E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. A gossipy and anecdotal volume about curio hunters and art collecting.

*The Fool in Christ*, by Gerhart Hauptmann. See above.

*The Fruitful Vine*, by Robert Hichens. The story of a childless lady who wasn't at fault and undertook to prove it. A painstaking attempt to psychologize a melodrama.

*George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works*, by Archibald Henderson. An interesting and valuable work; the first to give us Shaw in something like true perspective.

*The Gods and Mr. Perrin*, by Hugh Walpole. A well-handled and amusing story of teachers' quarrels in an English boarding school.

*The Indian Lily*, by Hermann Sudermann. See above.

*Jennie Gerhart*, by Theodore Dreiser. The unbiased history of a superficially negligible life. A naturalistic novel whose many crudities of performance are outweighed by its achievement.

*Laughter*, by Henri Bergson. A philosophic inquiry into the meaning of the comic that turns its electric flash lamp on uncounted dark corners of its readers' minds.

*A Likely Story*, by William De Morgan. A three-ply tale in which a Medicean romance is deftly mixed up with two London love affairs.

*The Money Moon*, by Jeffery Farnol. A twentieth century romantic adventure by the author of "The Broad Highway." Charming bits of genre study and of sentiment framed in artificiality.

*The Man Who Understood Women*, by Leonard Merrick. A volume of excellent short stories dealing with the artistic bohemia of Paris.

*Mother*, by Kathleen Norris. A little book that meant to be a sociological tract and turned out an enjoyable fiction.

*Peter and Wendy*, by J. M. Barry. "Peter Pan" in story form, yet not an adaptation but an exquisite thing apart.



## SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

THE POOR GIRL HAS JUST AS GOOD A CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS, IF SHE IS SINCERE OR HONEST IN HER WORK,  
AS THE RICH GIRL.—*Hetty Green.*

## Experiences

“**M**Y boy, what counts is experience.” The kindly father shut the door of his study and drew up to him his young son, just about to leave college.

“Yes,” he continued, “it is in the light of my experience that you may hope to win, and you must therefore be guided by me. Mere knowledge—the accumulation of facts—all this is in a sense necessary, but it does not take the place of wisdom or judgment, which can only be attained by a lifetime of striving and development. My boy, do not be misled or deceive yourself with the thought that you are wiser than your elders. You must be guided by me and must learn to avoid the mistakes that I have made.”

The boy, thoughtful for a moment, raised his fine young face to his father.



A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SON

“Tell me, sir,” he said, “have you ever, in the course of one short week, played poker, gone to the race track and dropped a hundred, been on a joy ride and smashed a farmer, drunk fourteen bottles of champagne, smoked a thousand cigarettes and fallen in love with a chorus girl?”

For some time the old gentleman was silent.

“My boy,” he said at last, “I have—all except the joy ride. That is precisely why I am trying to give you the benefit of it.”

## Accurate

**M**RS. EVERYWIFE: Now that you are up, my dear, would you kindly fetch me my needle from the haystack? No, I don’t know which haystack! Look in all the haystacks. You can’t make a mistake; there’s only one needle.

## • LIFE •



THE NEW OFFICE BOY

"IS MR. MORGAN IN?"  
"NO. BUT WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"



MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME

## A Word of Caution to Bankers

JUST because Mr. Aldrich has always favored the special interests in the past, there is a disposition on the part of many thoughtless bankers to assume that he is doing so in his new currency scheme.

We should advise the bankers to be cautious, however, not only in their own interest, but in fairness to Mr. Aldrich.

They should not accept this scheme without carefully examining it. For all they know he may have been born again, may have turned over a new leaf and be now fighting valiantly on the side of the people.

## Happy Andy

IT is a scandal that a man so rich as Mr. Carnegie should maintain with so much success a specious appearance of enjoying life. He had a birthday the other day and declared that human life grew more beautiful to him every day. That was before the row at the Peace meeting, but at the time it was apparently a sincere sentiment. It is contrary to most precedents and to maxims of the copy books and the reflections of the philosophers, all of which concur in the view that superabundant money weighs heavily on the human heart.

No doubt it does, and probably Mr. Carnegie's cheerfulness may be connected with his habit of unloading. Every day or so he fetches up a fortune and pitches it out for somebody else to struggle with. His facilities for taking this sort of exercise and getting the consequent relief are almost unrivaled. Nevertheless it must be conceded that he is extra smart. Very few men that have ever lived have shown the equal of his capacity to keep himself from being snowed under by dividends. He is forever struggling out from under his accumulations and getting on top of his pile. Seventy-six he was the other day, and perfectly cheerful about it. That eloquent but discouraged preacher who declared that all things are vanity, should have lived to inspect the Laird of Skibo. He may be Vanity, but certainly he seems to like it.

## Whoop!

O RATOR: And what, my friends, shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

VOICE: He will have a grand time while it lasts.



PREMATURE OLD AGE

## *A Vicarious Benedict*

By T. L. M.



"**M**Y doctors tell me I cannot possibly live a year longer."

Old Cassender, the millionaire, gazed at his young friend, Petrey.

"Now, old man," he said—he had a habit of calling all his young friends "old men"—"the case is just here. You and I are both in love with the same girl. You are so poor that you cannot in honor marry her, and I am so near my end that it won't make any difference. Now what I propose is just this: I'll marry her for the short time I have left. Then I'll settle all my money on you, and you can enjoy yourself the rest of your lives, in ease and plenty. Could anything be more perfect?" he added, with an encouraging smile.

"How do you know?" said Petrey, "that Bessie will have you?"

"She's a sensible girl, isn't she? Do you suppose that she will throw away a chance like that? Why," he added persuasively, "it won't mean any more to both of you than a protracted engagement. At present there's no hope of your ever getting married. A few short months to wait, and the thing is done. Think of the fine start you'll have. No anxiety about money, eh, my boy?"

"It looks pretty good to me," said Petrey, thoughtfully. "But—" He gazed at his venerable friend. "Your doctors are correct, aren't they?"

"Most reliable in the country. And they all agree."

"That's bad!"

"I know it is under ordinary cir-

cumstances. But, you see—my dear boy, I have a series of complications. Why," proudly, "any one of them is fatal."

"You get about pretty well!"

"That's only because of my youthful spirit. Why, do you know, I've really been looking forward to this period—a time when all care is thrown aside, and I propose to wind up with a year of solid enjoyment. You needn't worry." He looked earnestly into his young friend's face. "I'll be willing to guarantee that I won't live over a year. I'll put up a bond—"

"No, sir. Your word of honor as a gentleman is quite enough. Now, about the business end."

"I'll make an immediate will leaving everything to you and my—ahem—wife. I'm worth, I should say at the present moment, about \$1,200,000."

"That will be perfectly satisfactory."

"And you'll see Bessie—"

"At once."

Petrey called immediately at Miss

Pendleton's and frankly explained the case.

"It will only be for a few short months, darling," he said, "and then we'll be as happy as you can imagine. Mr. Cassender, as you know, is rather feeble, but full of youthful enthusiasm. I really think it will be a valuable experience for you. Besides," he added, "you must consider our future!"

In a few days the whole matter was arranged.

"I shall insist," said the elderly bridegroom, "in your being my best man. It will show that there's no hard feeling between us."

"Oh, certainly."

Petrey mentally squirmed at this, but he had only to think of all that money and the ideal life ahead of him to consent to almost anything.

The ceremony was performed quietly and the happy couple started off on their honeymoon.

"You'll permit me, I presume, to kiss the bride?" asked Petrey.

"Certainly, my dear boy. There's



"It was rough on Petrey, but the prospect of all the money and the ideal life ahead of him made him resigned to almost anything."



"They started off on their honeymoon"

nothing mean about me," said the happy bridegroom.

The bride pressed his hand meaningly.

"We may be back any time," she whispered. "He insists upon going to Niagara and he's already got a hard cold coming on."

Petrey was buoyed up by this. For some days he looked for a telegram any minute.

But none came.

In a month they were back.

"You're looking remarkably well," said Petrey, anxiously, to the bridegroom, the next day when they met.

"Yes, that trip did me a world of good— Oh! pardon me," said the old gentleman, "I only mean that as a joke. Of course," he continued, "I expected to feel better. Married life always sets a man up a bit. But that's allowed for in the estimate. Don't worry! It will be all right!"

"He's a perfect dear!" said Bessie later, when Petrey called formally. "And such a generous soul! He insists upon my having everything I want."

"Won't it be lovely," said Petrey, who was dreaming his dreams in advance, "next year when we can go abroad?"

"Yes—won't it? Still, I suppose we'd better wait a year after that. You see I'll be in mourning."

"Oh! So you will. I'd quite forgot that."

Thus the weeks passed by. For Petrey, indeed, they dragged. Every few days he called—quite formally, of course. As for Bessie, he noticed gradually a change in her. She was growing more solemn.

"He's a lovely companion," she said, one night. "So thoughtful! And I never saw anyone so cheerful."

"But he's growing more feeble all the time, isn't he?" said Petrey, who had just been reading a long article to the effect that if a man kept cheerful and didn't worry nothing could kill him.

"I'm afraid he is! Oh, would you mind, dear," she said impulsively, "if he lived a little longer? I'm trying my best to prolong his life. But you know it has bothered me a little, because, somehow, I wasn't true—to you!"

But Petrey, who thoroughly appreciated her conscientious character, wasn't going to be outdone in generosity.

"My dear girl," he said, outwardly, concealing his chagrin, "don't allow yourself any foolish qualms like that. Of course," he added hastily, not wishing to have her feel that his love for her was growing cold, "every day, every hour, nay, every minute over time will add to my misery. But I realize on the other hand that I must be generous. Nurse him up, by all means. Convey to him in some delicate, tactful way that even if he does live a few weeks beyond the appointed time, no word of reproach will come from me. I shall not hold it up against him!"

"That certainly is lovely of you," replied Bessie, gratefully. "What do

(Concluded on page 145)

J U N E						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			



"Thus the weeks passed by"



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS

A PICNIC "EN FAMILLE" IN FRANCE. THE GAME OF "CHAPEAUX BAS"



As Ye Sow

Many people wonder why school-teachers age so early and rapidly. The following are some excerpts from the harvest one pedagogue reaped from her sowing, and which will, in a measure, explain her despair:

"Lowell was born in Cambridge at his old home Elmwood."

"Whenever a knight started out on an errant, he was called a knight errant."

"Geology treats of the interior of the earth and the exterior of the earth and the historical events of its future."

"The divisions of geology are structural, dramatical, and hysterical."

"Oliver Wendell Holmes was a man of good ideas, a few of which are exposed in his works."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"EVEN the Standard Oil Company has found out that there's a hereafter."

"Think so? You'll find out in due time that the hereafter is about the same as its heretofore."—*Chicago Tribune.*



A JACK RABBIT

A Luxury

Jim, who worked in a garage, had just declined Mr. Smith's invitation to ride in his new car.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Mr. Smith. "Are you sick?"

"No, sah," he replied. "Tain't that—I done los' \$5, sah, an' I jes' natcherly got tuh sit an' grieve."

—*Success Magazine.*

Its Good Qualities

ASPIRING VOCALIST: Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

PERSPIRING TEACHER: Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck.—*Cornell Widow.*

"How cold your nose is!"

These words came from the daughter of the house, who was sitting in the parlor with her beau.

"Is Towser in the parlor again?" demanded her mother from the next room.

There was a long pause.

"No mother; Towser isn't in the parlor."

And then silence resumed its reign.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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USHER'S  
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GREEN STRIPE

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*Milo*

The  
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Cigarette  
of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY  
MILDNESS  
PURITY



At your club or dealer's

THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

The Prodigal Grandsire

Seated on a water plug by a rural glen,  
I beheld a little boy 'round the age of  
ten.

"Times," he sobbed, "are changing fast,  
nothing's quite the same;  
Everything's for money, no one's out for  
fame.

On our best traditions, sir, Mammon's  
card is hung—  
Why, even Old Folks ain't the same's  
they were when I was young!

"Once our line of granddads lived like  
simple folks,  
Went to bed at sundown, cracked Joe  
Miller's jokes,  
Only spoke when spoken to, always were  
polite,  
Never played a game of cards—thought  
it wasn't right—  
Always knew their places, never drank  
or swore;  
No, the Old Folks ain't the same as in  
the days of yore!

"Grandpa drove a pokey horse seven  
years ago—  
Now he thinks a touring car just a bit  
too slow;  
Got a sporting runabout, ninety horse-  
power speed—  
See him eating up the road down by  
yonder mead!  
He's been pulled three times this week—  
how he shocks his child!  
What's the world a-coming to since  
Grandpa's grown so wild?

"Once he thought the country store  
plenty for his biz;  
Trip to Europe once a year now's re-  
quired for his.

Once he went to prayer-meetin' for his  
soul's delights;  
Now the Jardin de Paris gets him  
Wednesday nights.  
Grandpa knows the best hotels up and  
down Broadway—  
Caught him smoking cigarettes behind  
the barn to-day!

"Once he was respectful when I spoke  
to him;

Now he pounds me on the back and  
speaks of me as 'Jim.'  
Seems to spend his money broadcast,  
fancy free.  
Sometimes he is gone for hours without  
consulting me.  
What ails these modern Old Folks that  
they have grown so light?  
They're slipping fast from our control.  
We haven't raised 'em right."

Wallace Irwin.

Art Calendar

of this beautiful \$1000 Blenner  
head and full length figure  
in exquisite colors. Sent  
with trial jar. Size of  
panel 32 inches long  
by 8 inches wide.  
No advertising  
on front. Use  
coupon in  
lower  
corner.

"Don't  
envy a good  
complexion;  
use Pompeian  
and have one."

Pompeian  
Youth-i-fies

Youthful beauty lingers  
longest in faces faithfully mas-  
saged with Pompeian. A million  
refined women don't worry how  
they look. They know. They use  
Pompeian. It youth-i-fies.

**POMPEIAN**  
**MASSAGE CREAM**

For a clear, fresh, youthful skin use Pompeian.  
It youth-i-fies. It does! Sold by 50,000 dealers,  
50c, 75c and \$1, or sent postpaid if dealer can't supply.

**Trial Jar and Art Calendar**

sent for 10c. The trial will convince. The "Pompeian  
Beauty" Art Calendar will please. Use coupon.

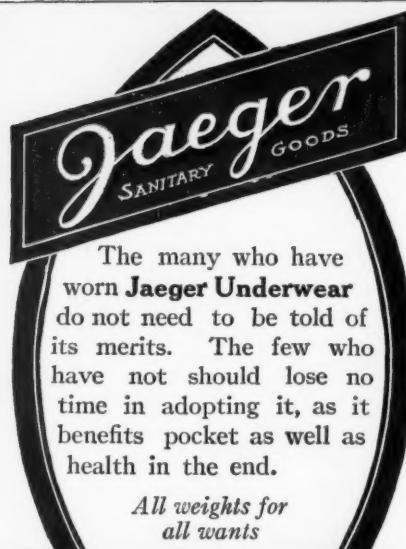
Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.  
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamp or coin), for which  
please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a 1912  
"Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The many who have worn **Jaeger Underwear** do not need to be told of its merits. The few who have not should lose no time in adopting it, as it benefits pocket as well as health in the end.

*All weights for all wants*

**Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores**  
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane. Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 225 Boylston St. Philadelphia: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 126 N. State St.  
Agents in all Principal Cities.



#### Delightful Traveling, But—

Henry Clews, at a dinner in Newport, said of American traveling:

"It is delightful to travel in America, but I think that American porters handle our luggage a little too roughly.

"Once, at a certain station, I was amazed and pleased to hear a uniformed official shout to a burly porter:

"Hi, what are you knockin' them trunks about like that for?"

"The porter had been lifting great trunks above his head and hurling them down on to the floor furiously, but now he stopped stock still in astonishment.

"What's that, 'boss'?" he said.

"What do you mean by knockin' trunks about like that?" repeated the official. "Look at the floor, man. Look at the dents you're makin' in the concrete. Don't you know you'll lose your job if you damage the company's property?"

—*New York Tribune*.

#### Mental Arithmetic

OLD LADY (*to station agent*): When does the next train leave?

AGENT: Eleven fifty, ma'am.

OLD LADY: Oh, then I have more than half an hour to spare. I thought it left at ten minutes to twelve.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

**Caroni Bitters**—Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home complete without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

#### Why He Was an Episcopalian

An Episcopal clergyman who was passing his vacation in a remote country district met an old farmer who declared that he was a "Piscopalian."

"To what parish do you belong?" asked the clergyman.

"Don't know nawth'in' 'bout enny parish," was the answer.

"Who confirmed you, then?" was the next question.

"Nobody," answered the farmer.

"Then how are you an Episcopalian?" asked the clergyman.

"Well," was the reply, "you see it's this way: Last winter I went down to Philadelphy a-visitin', an' while I was there I went to church, an' it was called 'Piscopalian,' an' I heerd them say that they left undone the things what they'd oughter done and they'd done some things what they oughter done, and I says to myself says I: 'That's my fix exactly,' and ever since then I've been a 'Piscopalian."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

**Rheumatism**—Gout, Neuritis successfully treated. Crestview Sanatorium, Greenwich, Ct., Tel. 105.

"I BOUGHT this armchair on the instalment plan."

"Easy terms?"

"Rather! A dollar down and a dollar whenever the collector can catch me."

—*Boston Transcript*.



THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED.

#### Bright Boy

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for \$3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

"Y—you did," gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

—*Argonaut*.

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**.

#### No Objection

MRS. MULTIROX (*tearfully*): John, why do you object to Sarah's marrying a title?

MRS. MULTIROX (*grimly*): I don't. It's what goes with it that I object to.

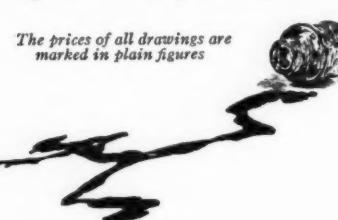
—*Lippincott's*.

#### Quick Change

MR. HIRAM DALY (*at dinner*): Tell Bridget this steak isn't done enough.

MRS. HIRAM DALY: Bridget! My dear, you are three cooks behind—her name is Maggie.—*Boston Transcript*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER**  
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles





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*Editor of Life.*

Four illustrations by the author. \$1.30 net; prepaid \$1.42

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### Priestcraft Outwitted

An Italian noble being at church one day and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah, my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul."

The count threw upon the plate another piece.

"Here is another soul delivered," said the priest.

"Are you positive of it?" replied the count.

"Yes, my lord," replied the priest; "I am certain they are now in heaven."

"Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls have already got to heaven."

## The Legend of Mimir

It is a beautiful legend of the Norse land. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut tree, his village smithy stood. He hot iron hammered and forged horses for fifty cents all round please. He made tin helmets for the gods and stove pipe trousers for the heroes.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut-and-slash svärd. He made chyjeese knives for the gods, and he made the great Bjsvstnsen, an Arkansaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semicolon of a cast iron Ichthyosaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class god, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the Svenska Norderjärviskjanaheledsplytdenskorodovusaken, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best chilled Norway merino underwear that would nick the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot metal cutlery of the ironmongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to his friend, Bjornn Bjornsson, was the kind of a Bjucck he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning he said, "Bjgg!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil and the new isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sword that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias

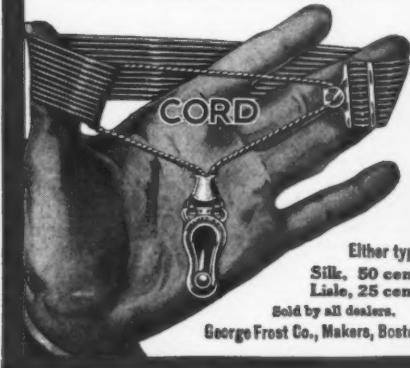


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thirty years  
the standard,  
from first to  
last the best."

## Boston Garter

*Viton Grip*

Holds up your half-hose as smooth as your skin. Doesn't let go until released. Surpasses in quality, durability, neatness of finish, and gives solid comfort. Look for the trade marks and the moulded rubber button.



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Lace, 25 cents  
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Running all through our products you will note the *fixed purpose to excel* that means more than all else in the production of better goods and lasting reputation.

Examination reveals unequalled quality of rubber, and the strongest and best fabrics that money can buy.

The result is increased mileage—and satisfaction every mile of the way.

We do not always follow the beaten path; we progress—but we prove every new departure by scientific and practical road tests.

### LEE ZIG-ZAG TIRES

differ materially from the conventional "Anti-skids" in pattern—also in the fact that they *actually prevent skidding* and give a surprising mileage under the hardest cars. Even in the hard service of medium trucks and taxicabs,

### LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES

are giving that increase of mileage and decrease of bother that puts our "puncture-proof" smile on the faces of the owners.

Puncture-proof—yet resilient.

If you want "better" tires—send at once for our booklet M, and drop into our agencies in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, or St. Louis.

**LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.**  
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.  
J. Ellwood Lee, President

"Turn Miles into Smiles"

buttoned on his new Bjarmor and said:

"If you have no hereafter use for your chyjeese kjnife, strike!"

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his sword above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air, through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled and said "go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boilermaker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery 65 per cent. in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the harshest natures.

—Robert J. Burdette in  
*Mark Twain's Library of Humor.*

## A Letter from Mrs. Atherton

DEAR LIFE:

Not even a Militant Suffragette will quarrel with you for your consistent hostility to Suffrage, for to question the right of any one to hold and express his personal convictions is an indication of mental weakness which we never find in the leaders of a great movement. But when it comes to misstatements, that is another matter, and you made one so grossly unfair in your current issue that in common justice you must submit to correction. You say: "Mrs. Pankhurst, we understand to be a hired agitator from London, employed by sundry affluent and ambitious women to go about and make addresses on Woman's suffrage."

It seems odd, since you take so much interest in Suffrage, that you should be ignorant of the fact that the whole modern movement originated in the brains of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters. In 1903 Mrs. Pankhurst founded the Woman's Social and Political Union in Manchester. In 1906 Miss Cris-tabel Pankhurst opened a branch office in London, and shortly after the Militant policy was conceived in that fertile brain. The Union started with a few hundred members, none of them wealthy, eminent, or ambitious. It now numbers more thousands than I would venture to state offhand, and although mainly recruited from the middle and working classes, has conquered the prejudices of many of the aristocratic women of Great Britain, and the indifference of a few, very few, of the merely wealthy. Of the last there is not one name prominent in the Union. They may contribute money to the general fund, but they have taken no part active enough to be accused of ambition. I could not call one by name, and I doubt if you could either. Every member contributes generously to the fund of the W. S. P. U., and it is an astonishing sight to see their money roll in at any one of their great rallies. Last Spring, when I attended one of these rallies in Albert Hall, which was packed with some eight thousand women, I saw thirty thousand dollars subscribed in ten minutes. It is doubtful if any man's organization can say as much unless composed entirely of millionaires. And this happens three or four times a year. When Mrs. Pankhurst comes to the United States and Canada to lecture, the very small expense she incurs is contributed by this fund, with no appreciable strain.

As for notoriety, well, we in America know that both men and women will do a good deal to snatch that brass counterfeit of fame, but I cannot call to mind any that subject themselves to physical suffering, not to say excruciating torments, in its pursuit. Several thousand women in Great Britain have now been mauled and pinched and twisted and kicked by police, stewards of public meetings, and hooligans, and several hundred have spent months in Holloway Gaol, where they are kept, save for an hour a day, in solitary confinement, with foul air, worse food, and little light. When they went on the hunger strike, the tortures they were subjected to by forcible feeding through the nose and throat was a concrete example of the old Inquisition. The horrible details are given by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst in her book, "The Suffragette." These prisoners have now become too numerous to hope for notoriety, but it will be noticed by all who follow one of the most remarkable and significant movements in the history of the world, that these martyrs grow more numerous with every raid on the House of Commons. And Martyr is the word, for these women are offering themselves on the altar of a wholly selfless, impersonal ideal. The more they are opposed and maltreated the more selfless and sexless they become; and when any large army of rebels reaches that point of development, it is irresistible. Victory is but a question of time. We have nothing in America like these British women, because we never have had the conditions to breed them; therefore it is not unnatural that the American man, who has given no time to this movement in Great Britain, should wholly misunderstand it. But, take my word for it, dear LIFE, those women have come to stay, and no future history of their country will omit the names of their leaders.

CHICAGO, December 13.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

COME to stay, Mrs. Atherton? If they are come to stay in the United States, won't they please take out papers and assume the responsibilities of citizenship in

this country, whose laws they practise to amend? If they have come to stay at home, we applaud that conclusion. If things go so ill with women in England, England would seem to be the place for these militant ladies. In our opinion they will do no good in this country even to the cause they advocate. Christabel with her bricks breaking windows in Fifth Avenue would not help the Votes for Women movement here, and we question whether Mrs. Emmeline, with the lurid shade of militancy behind her, is really helpful to disabuse American minds of disinclination toward woman suffrage. Surely you, Mrs. Atherton, would be more effectively persuasive to Americans.

But if LIFE has made a misstatement about Mrs. Pankhurst, of course it will set it right. Speaking, admittedly from hearsay and belief, it said she was "a hired agitator from London, employed by affluent women." She is an agitator; she is from London or thereabouts. We took it for granted that she was employed by American militant suffragists to work in their field. Some of the most conspicuous of them are affluent women. If we have your assurance, Mrs. Atherton, that the activities of the Pankhursts in this country are not financed by American suffragists, but exclusively by British contributors to the Women's Social and Political Union, of Manchester, England, we shall be glad to make so interesting a fact as public as we can, our own former supposition to the contrary notwithstanding. But if it is true, it is not creditable to the American suffragists, who seem to have plenty of money, and ought to pay liberally for all the made-in-England hob raised in what they consider their behalf.

We had hoped Mrs. Pankhurst was an example of the woman worker who was not underpaid. We shall part from that supposition with reluctance. Somebody said she got \$500 for a speech in Louisville. We hoped it was true. It was little enough, all things considered, though it seems to be fairly debatable whether the speech helped the cause. We are heartily in favor of women being paid what they earn in so far as the circumstances of society can afford the payments.—THE EDITORS.



"OH, YOU MORMON!"

"Here's One in  
the Corner!"



### An Open Break

One ball in—and good position! It looks like a run, but the slightest inaccuracy will change the entire situation and give the other man his chance.

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### ABBOTT'S BITTERS

### A Lament Over the Decay of Humbug

When that I was a little tiny boy, as the fool sings in "Lear," a wandering mongrel drifted listlessly through the street on which I dwelt.

"Bring that dog to me!"

The command was given by a little girl whose clean fingers were a marvel to me. I associated the idea of clean fingers then with little girls only. I do not mean that I did not dream of having clean fingers myself when I was a man, but clean fingers implied little girls to me at that time, precisely as decadence stands to me now for the poetry of Richard Le Gallienne. We always make our world.

"I am afraid to go and get that dog," I objected. "It might bite me!"

"Afraid!" repeated the little girl with the clean fingers as she stamped her pretty foot. "You are not afraid. Bring that dog to me!"

I realized at once that the little girl with the clean fingers was a humbug, but the extreme brilliance of her technique overwhelmed me. She knew perfectly well how afraid I was of that dog. I knew perfectly well what a farce she was enacting. But she possessed that gift of personality which distinguishes the true humbug from the sham one. Under the influence of her sublime deception, I cross the street, picked up the dog and brought it submissively to the person who taught me to respect a real humbug.

I have never forgotten the lesson. Often since have I been disappointed in my humbugs. I had a right to expect from them, or, rather, in them, not only a personality of unusual charm and histrionic gifts above the average, but the creative faculty miraculously active. The true humbug is a superior person whose capacities—misapplied, if you will—might have made him just such a novelist as William J. Locke, just such a poet as Edwin Markham. Only a nation highly endowed evolves a Cagliostro or a John Law. I do not mean that the humbug is to be idolized, but only that his presence is evidence of the existence of a national genius. Show me a land without its humbugs and I will show you a people destitute of poetical gifts, of histrionic powers, of glorious imaginativeness, of the conceptuality without which there can be no art. And in this republic of ours there are no humbugs. We Americans cry aloud that our tariff is a humbug—as if that sorry makeshift of minimum and maximum schedules and of transparent shams could deceive even the foreigner! Where in the tariff is there evidence of the genius for



### For Winter Days

### A Sensible Precaution

In winter time, when the air is alternately keen and biting, and raw and damp, the skin often suffers severely, the complexion loses its freshness.

It is then that proper precaution should be taken to guard against these discomforts, and nothing is of better service in this direction than Pears' Soap.

It keeps the skin cleansed from all impurities, and by freshening and invigorating, gives it a power of resistance that is as natural as it is effective, and at the same time acts as a complete protection to the complexion. It soothes, softens and beautifies.

*It is an easy matter to keep a clear, bright and healthy skin all through the winter by the regular use of the finest of all skin soaps*

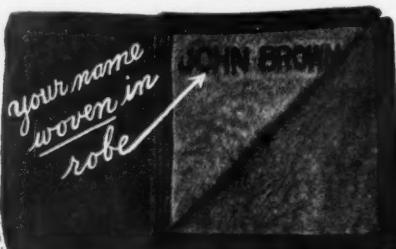
### Pears' Soap

The Great  
English Complexion Soap



Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.



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\$10.00 PREPAID. Direct from the mill. For automobile, carriage or steamer. Your name, initials, or initials and town woven in. Can't be removed without destroying robe. Same quality robe without name woven in would cost you \$15.00 elsewhere. The Name-On Auto Robe is of dyed-in-the-yarn Mohair of extra long fibre. A warm, soft, luxurious robe.

In fast, two-color combinations from any two of these: Black, Fawn, Auto Gray, Maroon, Olive Green, Dark Blue, Leather. Special colors to match any car, \$1 extra. Bound with felt; 54 x 72 inches. Money back if not satisfactory. Write for booklet.

J. & E. Dawson, Somerset St., above Second, Philadelphia. MAKERS OF TEXTILES FOR 21 YEARS. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

roguey of a John Law or of that faculty for mystification which confers upon Madame Humbert the imperishable renown of her fraudulent safe?

There is all the crudity of our tariff in whatever goes by the name of humbug among ourselves—such a want of all originality and of fine fancy that our greatest fraud is at best some weak imitation of a European model just as our best literature is founded upon an English tradition. It is a justifiable lament over here that we have in biology no man of the rank of Haeckel, in bacteriology no man of the rank of Metchnikoff, in poetry no man of the rank of Kipling, in the drama no man of the rank of Maeterlinck, and it is all part and parcel of that calamity which gives us among humbugs no one of the rank of George Bernard Shaw.

I shall, of course, be told that I do not read the fifteen-cent magazines. Have they not built up their enormous circulations by exposing humbugs of genius? Men who in another age and beneath bluer skies might have exploited their capacities by writing epics like Virgil's have turned their attention to Alaska, with such results as we see in the record of the Guggenheims duly set forth by *Hampton's Magazine*. A synthetic faculty which in the England of Elizabeth would have been devoted to the drama is nowadays consecrated to robbing the city of Philadelphia after the methods exposed in *McClure's Magazine*.

## Alfalfa Book —FREE

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

zine. Just such artistry as gave to the medieval world the Siena school of painters is at present manifest in the fine Italian hand guiding the destinies of Tammany to plunder and rich contracts. I am unable to catch the enthusiasm of the muckrakers for the subtlety they discern, or think they discern, in all that is called graft. They are all but dealers in shadowy representations of humbug. Never would the Italian republics of the Middle Ages have let themselves be plundered by such second-rate and

feeble imitations of humbugs as are apotheosized in the fifteen-cent monthlies.

It is impossible, therefore, not to feel amused at the simplicity of a mind which, like that of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, can discern in John D. Rockefeller one of the world's grand humbugs. In what chapter of her famous history of the Standard Oil Company does she manifest him possessed of the higher capacities of mind, lord of an empire of the fancy or master of that great realm of delusion

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**A** THRILLING little-known story of the Civil War is recalled by this photograph. It is the tale of twenty soldiers of the Union Army, who went into the heart of the Confederate country, stole this engine from under the very noses of the enemy's troops and set out to wreck a railroad. A deed of mad and mighty courage! They failed, and eight gave their lives for the failure. To-day this photograph remains an eloquent witness to their heroism and sacrifice.

That, in brief, is the story of one photograph—there are 3800 of these undying messengers from the great conflict. They were taken by Mathew Brady, artist photographer and hero, and his followers, who risked their lives to get these marvelous negatives during the Civil War. Lost for many years—they are now recovered and placed within your reach in the

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About hundreds of the 3800 photographs there is some such story. Almost forgotten, they unfold before us as we look over these strange photographs—their edges time-worn and ragged—but the pictures themselves clear and sharp and vivid—stories remembered only by some veteran, but that every American should know. For nearly fifty years they have lain buried—

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and of dream where the Humberts and the Cagliostros and the John Laws reign supreme? I doubt, in the light of Miss Tarbell's book, if John D. Rockefeller could pick up the most precarious of subsistences by telling fortunes, to say nothing of stealing them. Perhaps, however, it requires a sublimer personality to tell fortunes than to steal them.

My heart yet thrills at the description of my future wife which a fortune teller gave me years ago for a paltry fifty cents. I was to become the husband, it seemed, of a dark and willowy creature

with pearly teeth and a fortune. Much trouble there would be from a blonde man who had to come a long way in the effort to separate us. In the end the woman who loved me because my destiny was so great would make me as wonderful to contemplate as if I were one of Marie Corelli's clergymen. But she would be oh! so beautiful, and she would love me oh! so much, and I should die oh! so rich. I believed every word of that fortune teller's prophecy then. Ultimately I married the little girl with the clean fingers who made me bring her that dog. But I don't regret the fifty cents.

—Alexander Harvey.

### The McNamara Case Now

Yes, we denounced the kidnapping of the McNamaras. Yes, we insisted upon a fair trial for them. Yes, we opposed the apparent attempts to railroad them. Yes, we believed them to be innocent until they should be proven guilty. Yes, we thought the case had the appearance of a capitalist frame-up.

What of it? Knowing what we know of capitalism in America we had good reasons to believe that it would not hesitate to attempt by any feasible means the destruction of any man that stood in its way.

What of it? I can see nothing to retract or be ashamed of. The working class in America is monstrously exploited, preyed upon and victimized. We had every reason, therefore, to insist that when members of that class were accused, apparently because they had made themselves obnoxious to the capitalists, the laws should not be broken to secure their conviction.

That was all. The accused men turn out to have been guilty. That is not



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our fault nor the fault of the labor movement. It is not the first time that the advocates of a just and righteous cause have been deceived by individuals and will not be the last.

Yet the good cause goes on and is not to be turned aside no matter who may be deceived. These are the facts in the present instance. I think they will be recognized as fundamental.

—Charles Edward Russell  
in the Coming Nation.

# How the Fashions are Really Made



## VOGUE Numbers for 1912

### Motor Fashions

Jan. 1

Smart attire and accessories for the motorist, and the latest dependable innovations for the comfort of driver and passengers.

### White and Southern Fashions

Jan. 15

The first hint of the coming Spring modes, as shown by the gowns worn at the Riviera, Palm Beach and Bermuda.

### Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes

Feb. 1

How the clever woman can dress beautifully on a moderate outlay. How, where, and what to buy to the best advantage.

### Forecast of Spring Fashions

Feb. 15

The earliest authentic forecast of the Spring modes, as evolved by Callot, Poiret, Drecoll and other Paris designers.

### Spring Pattern Catalogue

Mar. 1

A complete list of VOGUE'S exclusive dress patterns for Spring and Summer, including every garment in the fashionable wardrobe.

### Spring Dress Materials

Mar. 15

The season's newest silks, satins, laces, diaphanous fabrics and trimmings as shown in Paris, London and New York.

### Spring Millinery

Apr. 1

This number is like a great show window into which every great Paris milliner has poured his best and latest offerings.

### Spring Fashions

Apr. 15

The culmination of the Spring mode. Gowns, wraps, hats, lingerie, hosiery, shoes and accessories. The final word on Spring styles.

### Brides'

May 1

Helpful suggestions on the preparations for a fashionable wedding. Trouseau, bridal gown, bridesmaids' costumes and wedding presents.

### European

May 15

The art of travelling abroad, explained and illustrated. Where to go, what to take, and how to make the journey pleasant and profitable.

### Summer Homes

June 1

The Summer homes of society, and advice on furnishing the simple as well as the elaborate Summer cottage.

### Outing Fashions

June 15

Fashion and form in the sportswoman's dress, and smart attire for more formal Summer wear in and out of doors.

Clip along this line—fill in—and mail to-day.

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Name .....

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**G**REAT Paris designers like Worth, Doucet, Callot, and Poiret first submit their new models to a certain privileged few. From these models the leaders of fashions choose.

These fashion leaders have their own circles of friends and imitators. As soon as they appear in the styles they have selected, their followers hasten to imitate them. That is how the fashions are launched.

VOGUE, with its highly organized permanent staff in Paris, watches the selections of the fashion leaders, and sets them before its readers as they are being worn for the first time. Thus VOGUE presents the styles of to-morrow, not of to-day.

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## VOGUE Numbers for 1912

### Travel

July 1

The hotels, steamship lines and railroads of Europe and America. Novelties in traveling dress, and conveniences for use on the journey.

### Hot Weather Fashions

July 15

The Summer modes in their final manifestation. Photographs of costumes worn by European and American leaders of society.

### Vacation

Aug. 1

The world of out-of-doors from a fashionable woman's standpoint, with notes on all exclusive watering places at home and abroad.

### Children's Fashions

Aug. 15

For the mothers. Outfits for children of every age—party and school frocks, overcoats, hats, footwear and accessories.

### Autumn Millinery

Sept. 1

Another "show window" number, containing all the best new hats from the leading designers in New York and Paris.

### Forecast of Autumn Fashions

Sept. 15

The first showing of the new season's mode as evolved at home and abroad. Advance Fall modes carefully pictured and described.

### Autumn Dress Materials

Oct. 1

The latest designs and most fashionable shades in cloths, satins, silks, laces, trimmings, ribbons, veils and embroideries.

### Autumn Shopping

Oct. 15

What to buy and where to buy it. VOGUE'S personally conducted tour through the smart shops of New York, London and Paris.

### Winter Fashions

Nov. 1

This number presents the Winter mode at its height, serving as a reference book of the styles that will be in favor till Spring.

### Dramatic and Vanity

Nov. 15

News of the plays and the players, and a full description of all the cunning arts that make fair women fairer.

### Christmas Gifts

Dec. 1

A budget of novelties for the Christmas shopper. Hundreds of gifts for men, women and children. This number solves the Christmas shopping problem.

### Christmas

Dec. 15

Practical suggestions for Christmas cheer, and midwinter fashions both in dress and entertaining. Interesting sidelights on the metropolitan holiday season.



## USE THE COUPON

and receive VOGUE regularly twice a month for one year, beginning with the *White and Southern Fashions Number*. This number contains the very earliest authentic news of the coming Spring modes. Your subscription will date for a year from this number—and if you will reply promptly, we will also send you, while the supply lasts, a free copy of the Motor Fashions Number, dated January 1st.

LIFE.

## A Vicarious Benedict

(Concluded from page 134)

you think," she added earnestly, "of the Fresh Air treatment? They say it has done wonders. I sometimes doubt if doctors are any good!"

"Do nothing rash, I beg of you," said Petrey. "Undoubtedly the Fresh Air treatment is splendid, but you must remember his enfeebled condition. Why, if he were unduly exposed he might drop off—" Petrey found himself unconsciously dwelling on these words with a sense of delight—"like that!"

"That's so."

"No fads. Nothing unusual. A quiet, regular life."

"Would you humor him in his fancies?"

"Certainly."

"He's been eating Welsh rabbit every night lately."

"Let him. It may be the best thing for him!"

Petrey said this with a slight inward sense of guilt.

"You see," he went on, in order to quiet his conscience, "if he really craves anything, it will do him good to have it."

"You really think so?"

"Yes—only—" He looked at her almost sternly, "don't carry it too far, dear. Remember—"

She sighed deeply.

At this moment Mr. Cossender himself came in.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," he said. "By the way, Bessie, if you don't mind, I'd like to see Jack alone."

When she had withdrawn he said: "Old man, I've got a confession to make. Now the truth is this I made a mistake. I believed those doctors too implicitly. I really thought—on my honor!—that I couldn't live but a year. But—would you believe it—after my marriage I began to pick up. It was all because I was having

## A Happy Marriage

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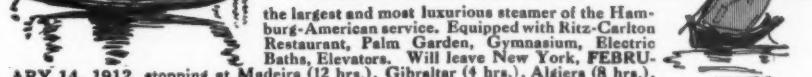
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such a good time—because I had absolutely nothing to worry me. Think of it!

Why, I saw that there was a possibility of my living two, three, four—even ten years more. And I'd given my word as a gentleman. I thought of making away with myself. But, no! it would have clouded your young married life. It must be a natural death! That or nothing! Under these circumstances there was but one thing to do. I was bound in honor to keep my word. To do this I had—simply had to get worried about something—to be a prey as it were, to some insidious worry. I did it! I'm proud to say, I accomplished my purpose. Old chap—"

He leaned forward slightly. His face grew pale.

"For several weeks now I've been

secretly speculating—buying by blocks on a margin—plunging! I've lost every cent, old fellow, and owe money besides. The thought of what it would mean to you! Ah, that was it. That was the remedy. Why, will you believe it, it's made another man of me!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Petrey.

"I mean this: that my honor is at stake. I must get that money back if I live to be a hundred."

## Literal

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.—*Harper's Magazine*.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

## Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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### An Awful Possibility

An exchange remarks: "The present comet in the eastern sky, which can be distinctly seen by every one at early morning, is certainly the most remarkable one of the modern comets. Professor Lewis Swift, director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., states that the comet grazed the sun so closely as to cause great disturbance, so much so, that it has divided into no less than eight separate parts, all of which can be distinctly seen by a good telescope. There is only one other instance on record where a comet has divided, that one being Biella's comet of 1846, which separated into two parts. Applications have been made to Mr. H. H. Warner, by parties who have noticed these cometary offshoots, claiming the \$200 prize for each one of them. Whether the great comet will continue to produce a brood of smaller comets remains to be seen."

It is certainly to be hoped that it will not. If the comet is going to multiply and replenish the earth, the average inhabitant had better proceed in the direction of the tall timber.

It excites and rattles us a good deal now to look out for what comets we have on hand; but that is mild compared with what we will experience if the heavens are to be filled every year with new-laid comets and comets that haven't got their eyes open yet. Our astronomers are able to figure on the old parent comets and they know where to look for them, too, but if twins are to burst upon our vision occasionally

and little bobtail orphan comets are to float around through space, we will have to kind of get up and seek out another solar system, where we will be safe from this comet foundling asylum.

Instead of the calm sky of night, flooded with the glorious effulgence of the silvery moon, surrounded by the twinkling stars, the coming sky will be one grand Fourth of July exhibit of fireworks, with a thousand little disobedient comets coming from the four corners of

heaven in search of the milky way.

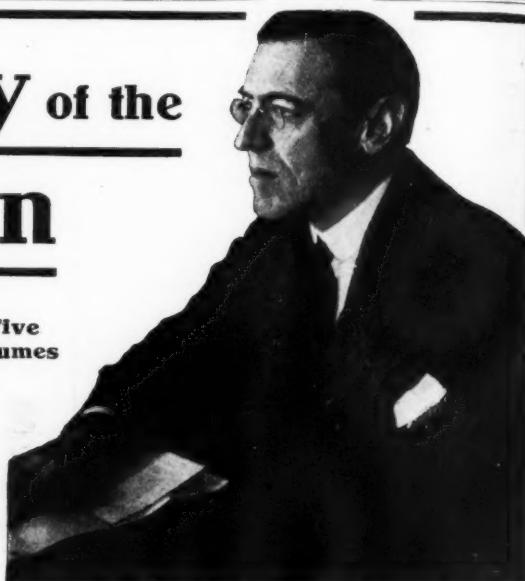
Possibly science may be wrong. We have known science to make bad little breaks of that kind, and when it advertised a particular show to come off, it was delayed by a wreck on the main track, or something of that kind, so that people were disappointed. Let us hope that this is the case now, and that the comets now loafing around through space with their coat tails on fire will not become parents.—Bill Nye.

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### Do's for Public Speakers

Grenville Kleiser, man builder, word expert, and manufacturer of public speakers, formerly professor of public speaking at Yale University, has issued a list of "Do's for Public Speakers":

Be prepared.  
Stand up promptly.  
Begin slowly.  
Speak distinctly.  
Address all your hearers.  
Be uniformly courteous.  
Prune your sentences.  
Cultivate mental alertness.  
Conceal your method.  
Be scrupulously clear.  
Feel sure of yourself.  
Look your audience in the eyes.  
Be direct.  
Favor your deep tones.  
Speak deliberately.  
Get to your facts.  
Be modest.  
Cultivate earnestness.  
Observe your pauses.  
Suit the action to the word.  
Be yourself at your best.  
Speak fluently.  
Use your abdominal muscles.  
Make your speaking attractive.  
Be conversational.  
Conciliate your opponent.  
Rouse yourself.  
Be logical.  
Open your mouth.  
Speak authoritatively.  
Cultivate brevity.  
Cultivate sincerity.  
Cultivate tact.  
End swiftly.

To this we might add one thing more:  
Don't.—THE EDITORS.

### A New Danger

Not content with the introduction of compulsory antityphoid vaccination in the army, it is now being introduced into some of our municipal communities. Memphis has the dubious honor of being the first city to enforce compulsory vaccination as a "preventive" against typhoid fever infection. Drivers of garbage wagons were recently inoculated. Other employees will come later.

If this sort of thing keeps up, the human race will soon be so full of animal virus that men will begin to rot and fall to pieces of their own corruption. Also, it may be suggested that this is the sort of thing that would become common should a national bureau of health be established with plenary powers over the bodies of the American people—a misfortune, let us hope, that will never happen.

—Los Angeles Sunday Times Magazine.

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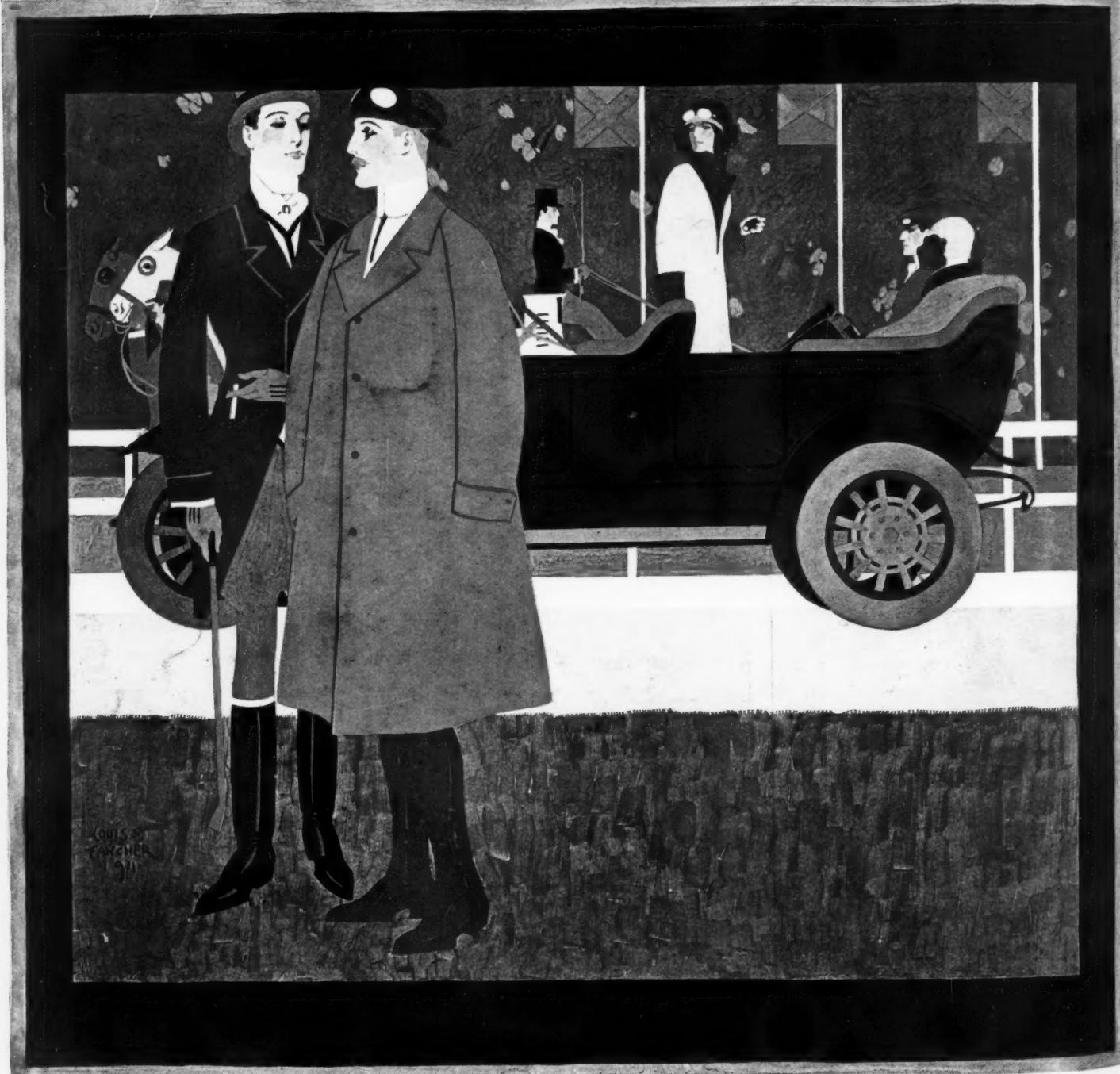
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